Sleeping Giant

Siluria

Brooks: Let me see, when you talk when you talk into that
Little Girl: Uh huh?
Brooks: That thing right there
Little Girl: Um hmm.
Brooks: It makes your voice come out
Little Girl: Ohh.
Brooks: They can hear it in there
Little Girl: A Ohhh!
Brooks: Hee Hee Hee Hee
Little Girl: (Laughs)
Killa Mike: You are now witnessing the collaborative effort of Buford Highway's finest; Brooks Buford. My main man, Warner Robbins own Danny Boone. And me, I'm Killa kill from Atlasville, better known as Killa Mike. Ha ha. This's how we bring it. Heard?
I'm wild up in school, act a fool
it's over, I hate you Brooks, you suck. Cool
my DJs name Detail he's neat
your ass get beat all down the street
if you can't move to this then you ain't got feet
Ain't nobody that can pull it the way that I be bringin' it raw
stingin' it, singin' and rippin' your jaw
and bustin' rhymes all of the time follow the leader
be the MC if you ever try to get with the B-double O-N-E, uh
You talk about it, say what
the way we live it, yeah
you walk around it, say what
'cause Rehab give it, yeah
we're in the sky, say what
a mile high, yeah
flying the winds like a falcon and you ain't that fly
don't sing it bring it, don't front it run it
and don't be scared this is just what you wanted
and you have all woke up the giant
his name is Truth and he's crushin' all your lyin'
Yeah, I'm rollin' through the halls, one word...balls
I'm handling business, power lunches, conference calls
pulled up on the go-ped, sittin' on chrome three's
I smell disease, knockin' out MCs
my rhymes be jumpin' out bushes and trees
Hey, how in the hell are you doing out there in radio land?

this is Danny Boone many moons ago I started rippin' the microphone
and been doin' it ever since makin' mince meat of MCs that can't get with this
don't cross fence
You talk about it, say what
the way we live it, yeah
you walk around it, say what
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we're in the sky, say what
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flying the winds like a falcon and you ain't that fly
don't sing it bring it, don't front it run it
and don't be scared this is just what you wanted
and you have all woke up the giant
his name is Truth and he's crushin' all your lyin'
One two, one two...it's murder
I'm thirteen, smokin' green
in a stolen Chevelle with the gangsta lean
dippin through the swas, cook jelly beans
crunk enough to be on methanphedemines
got a girl, sixteen, I'm court teens
so fresh so clean in my creased jeans
silk shirt, three finger ring gleeming
with a fifth of Jim Beam, I'm an A-town king
Hey, you just a hop, skip and a jump
from gettin' dropped in a d'emptsy dumpster
punk, you can not even handle the truth
so I bring it to you 'cause I know you have nothing to bring at me
I, I, I...
You talk about it, say what
the way we live it, yeah
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and you have all woke up the giant
his name is Truth and he's crushin' all your lyin'
Little Girl: All good. Goodbye.

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